



Published by the Press Publishing Company.

MONDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 23.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING WORLD.

 PER MONTH.....30c.
 PER YEAR.....\$3.50

VOL. 30.....NO. 10,261

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

 5th BRANCH OFFICES:
 WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1297 BROADWAY, between 51st and 52d sts., New York.
 BROOKLYN—350 FULTON ST., HARLEM—News Department—150 EAST 115TH ST., ADMISSIONS at 237 EAST 115TH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LEADER BUILDING, 112 SOUTH ST., WASHINGTON—610 14TH ST.
 LONDON OFFICE—32 COCKERET ST., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

WILKIE COLLINS.

WILKIE COLLINS died in London this morning; another strong figure vanishes from the ranks of fiction writers. The savor of his writings, like that of his character, was and is that of manliness. He wrought, in a diction clean and clear, the material of a weird imagination and rare observation. His work was pervaded by a thorough knowledge of human motives and governed by a vivid appreciation of dramatic strength.

His fidelity to the duty which authorship imposes made him an eager toiler in letters, even when bodily infirmity had put its touch upon him. The final chapters of his last story, "Blind Love"—written for THE WORLD—were read to him at his earnest request upon his death bed. He finished his course, suffering a great deal, but his restless mind stayed not. He was true to his priestly duty until death's self took the pen softly from his tired fingers.

He built his own monument, not so lofty, not so brilliant maybe as those of some who have partaken of the labor and delights of story making, but yet a firm one, at which real flesh-and-blood men and women who read his books will leave the tribute of their gratitude and admiration.

SAVE CENTRAL PARK.

Even the sanction given by a site committee will not establish in popular favor the proposition to seize upon Central Park, or any portion of it, for the purposes of a world's fair. The total lack of necessity for such infringement makes the scheme avar of something akin to vandalism.

The other two parks included in the Committee's plan offer ample room for the Exposition, and adjacent to them is an almost unlimited area of unoccupied land, the utilization of which would do away with every shadow of excuse for defacing the beautiful north entrance to Central Park.

There seems a determination in certain quarters to push to execution the plan of devastation, but the popular voice is not in favor of it. Central Park, in its beauty, is the product of a great many years of pains-taking and liberality on the part of the people. To turn it now into a fair ground, to tear away its woods and mar its greenways with buildings and booths, would be to do an injury that years could not repair. The Park is the people's possession and one of their richest ones. They should not surrender it when there is no shadow of excuse.

AMATEURS.

MALCOLM W. FORD, in a challenge to A. A. JORDAN to contest the all-around athletic championship for \$500 a side, says:

If the competition came off between Mr. Jordan and myself, and money was publicly stated, we would, according to the rules of the Amateur Athletic Association of Great Britain, both become professionals. If Mr. JORDAN really wishes a match, under conditions which he originally stipulated, plenty of ways can be devised of his being guaranteed the prize should he win without making a public display of funds.

In that sentence, more's the pity, lies the keynote of the so-called "amateur" athletic of these days. These men are accredited to reputable amateur athletic organizations which are composed of gentlemen, and which profess to indorse the rules against professionalism in amateur contests. How thoroughly the professions of these associations will be belied if they countenance such a performance as Mr. MALCOLM FORD—champion "of amateurs"—proposes, is plain enough.

There has been loud complaint of late from believers in amateur athletics that most flagrant violations of the amateur code were committed by the foremost of the so-called amateur associations, and that the amateur did not exist outside of a few colleges. Let us see if this is true.

What sort of a "way" will be "devised" to transfer this stake, now?

BOULANGER'S LEVEL HEAD.

BOULANGER may be a charlatan, but he brings a deal of common sense to the business. A newspaper correspondent who called upon him in London at midnight, while yet the ballots were being counted in France, learned that the General had gone to bed.

What would not many Americans who play at this same great game of politics give for so splendid a fatalism, so complete a reconciliation to whatever may befall? On the night of last Fall's Presidential election, BEN HARRISON, shaking with nervousness, smiling and weeping alternately, sat in his office, with his law partner and a telegraph operator, until, long after midnight, when they told him his cause had triumphed.

Such men as BOULANGER have more lives than a cat. France has not yet done with the "brave" General.

Dr. TALMAGE comes home with wondrous memories of the grandeur of the Yellowstone. But he has omitted from his glowing

description of the Yellowstone scenery all mention of Judge BOOKSTAYER in his great role of "the absentee."

Milwaukee's City Physician offered the Mayor \$25 if he would audit a bill for \$75 for services. The Mayor wiped up the floor with the doctor, and then advised him to "heal himself." The next bride-giver who makes an offer to the Mayor of Milwaukee will offer him the whole amount.

The amateur tramp is just beginning his rambles in this crisp weather. The professional tramp is preparing to cease from his walks, and is busy selecting a good, comfortable jail to get him self laid up in for the winter.

The city churches reopened yesterday for the season. The air was filled with sacred music. Fall overcoats and the garments of grace seen to be donned simultaneously.

WILLIAM M. BENN, ex-Governor of Idaho, is mentioned as TANNER's successor. The office may not take the BENN, but its latest occupant did, and no mistake.

FANCIES.

When the King of Greece and his family left Copenhagen for Vienna yesterday, the Danish royalties went along to the railway depot and waved their good byes in like every-day folks.

Here's some news for fresh explorers. Salt brooks have been discovered in the interior of Africa.

Mr. Carr, of St. Paul, after he escaped from a lunatic asylum felt the need of ready money. So he stepped into a bank, and making out a check for \$2,000,000 passed it to the cashier. He is back now.

The Tribune is entitled to the prize. It prints today that a half-starved dog entered a gentleman's house at Mount Vernon, where he was fed, and that the dog returned the next day with a one-dollar bill to pay for the meal. Next!

Oh, now the fan-colored shoes, so small and bonny,
Of Sister Lou,
Containing the books and slates,
Bustle and basket and slippers,
Of Brother Johnny.

Religion sometimes drives people to do the unexpected. Ben Leonard, of South Carolina, has just been found guilty of killing his wife because she objected to his joining the church.

Justice Taintor addressed the Young Men's Christian Association yesterday on the ways of leading a pure and holy life. He is practicing for the next Board meeting of Police Justices?

It is said that the reason a duke wears a single earring is because he can see more with one eye than he can possibly understand.—*Londoner's Western Recorder.*

The Louisville Post says it is somewhat hard for an outside barbarian to understand why "Colonels" are so plentiful in Kentucky. Well, rather.

Supt. Murray is reported as saying that New York is the most moral city on the face of the globe. Hurrah for the Superintendent.

John L. will open the campaign to-night at a Brooklyn rink. Then he will open the champagne at the nearest place where it is obtainable, and everybody in the place will have to drink or fight.

P. S.—They will all drink—including John.

POLITICAL ECHOES.

Alderman Patrick Divver will be the Tammany Hall candidate for Senator in the Fifth Senate District. This means that there will be no union so far as this particular district is concerned, for Col. Michael C. Murphy will undoubtedly ask his County Democracy brethren to return him to the halls of legislation.

United States Senator George Hearst has recovered from his attack of rheumatism sufficiently to be able to enjoy his favorite sport, racing.

Assistant Corporation Counsel James J. Martin is a candidate for the chairmanship of the convention of literary societies soon to be held in New York City. Mr. Martin is a member of the New York Literary Union.

Bernhard Wolf, one of the most prominent Hebrew Republicans of the Eighth Assembly District, is indignant. He, as well as all the members of his Association, were ineffectually swept from the roll of the Republican party by the disorganization committee sent out to that district by the reformers of the party. If threats mean anything, the letter which he sent to THE EVENING WORLD on this subject indicates that the Republican candidates will hereafter get very few of the thousands of the German and Polish votes cast in that district.

Terrence O'Brien has left the Corporation Counsel's office, where he was engaged as an examiner, to perform similar service for the Manhattan Elevated Railway Company.

OFF THE STAGE.

Miss Viola Allen rushes down Broadway as though she were in a perpetual and tumultuous hurry. Miss Allen dresses very tastefully, though with some eccentricity. She is the daughter of Leslie Allen, the actor.

Low Dockstader is a dapper, smiling little man on Broadway. He is faultlessly attired, and is a long lance "on the road," fails to make him unimpeachable. Dockstader always has a funny story to tell.

Little Miss Alice Haines is a midwit in the street. She is very dissatisfied with her height and was recently photographed standing on a brick, in order that she might impress the different managers more favorably.

Guimore Scott is invariably mistaken for "some other fellow," generally the manager of the Academy of Music, in Richmond. Mr. Scott affects pink cuffs and blue collars. His collection of neckties is astonishing.

WORLDLINGS.

President Carnot, of France, is said to be very fond of Americans and greatly interested in America. He takes every occasion that presents itself to learn something about the thriving Republic of the West.

Mrs. Elizabeth Perkins, who died in Louisville a few days ago, at the age of ninety-two years, was a grandniece of Daniel Boone, and possessed a number of valuable papers that belonged to the pioneer Kentuckian.

The late Capt. John Tobin, of Kansas City, was the last of the pioneers who found a pathway for the Union Pacific Railroad. He was a member of Lieut. Gannison's expedition, and it is said that during his career on the plains he has saved not fewer than 700 lives.

The cottage at Mount McGregor, in which Gen. Grant passed his last hours, is kept just as it was when he died.

CHILDREN subject to diarrhoea and dysentery cured by Dr. HENRY'S Tonic. Price 25 cents.

WHIMS OF WOMAN.

Mrs. August Belmont, Jr., has parasolets, sunshades and umbrellas enough to stock a showcase. The last addition to her collection is an entente shade, designed for sun and storm, covered with cardinal taffeta silk and mounted on a slender stick of partridge wood. The handle of each of these parasolets is a bell flower, the top of which flies open by pressing a secret spring, revealing a most ingeniously contrived powder-box. The receptacle is gold lined and the dainty little puff has a ball of the same metal for a handle.

If your best girl is anything of a needle-painter there is a sewing-case on the market that will surely please her to accept, that is if you don't mind trifling away \$100. The case of story is similar in size and shape to a vest-pocket cigar-holder. It opens on the side by means of a gold clasp and exquisitely finished hinges, and there you have a trinket, a needle-case, a book and a pair of scissors, all of solid gold but the blades of the scissors and bodkin.

Bouillon cakes have been the curse of the pastry cooks. Society does not order a loaf cake a month. Fruit cake to be sure is a staple article, but jelly, cream and chocolate layers, marble loaves and cakes of almond, citron, spice and lemon flavor are as stale and as steadily forgotten as Johnny cake and ginger snaps. The bouillon sold at six cents a pound. They are not much larger than marshmallows. All the fruit flavors and all the flower tints are reproduced, and for wine or dessert they haven't a rival. You can have them packed in a tin box between sheets of oiled paper, in which shape they will keep soft and toothsome for a fortnight.

Melon sandwiches are made with a slice of well frozen ice-cream, cut from a brick mould and placed between thin slices of watermelon. On a yellow or white porcelain plate the effect is very pleasing. Not unfortunately it is maddening to the unwary guest who applying his fork at the top crust sends the slippery crimson thing over the ice and across the table.

Father, fern and palm patterns of broadened silks that fashion will dine, dance and pose in this winter vary in price from \$1.50 to \$125 a yard.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

C. H. Sherrill, the famous sprinter, is wonderfully quick at "getting into it." He "beats the pistol" nine times out of ten.

W. R. Burkhardt, the three-mile walker, continues his pace throughout the distance with the steadiness of a clock and staying power of an engine.

Jeffrey is the somewhat inharmonious surname of the Yale football team's center. He is a member of the Sophomore Class and takes a leading part in all that the class undertakes. He is a giant in stature.

George Bradish is the captain of the New York Athletic Club's team. Unfortunately, his business duties prevent him from giving as much time to athletics as he would like. There are some events in which he could make it lively for other competitors had he the time to train for them.

Thomas Clark, Jr., who has just resigned from the Presidency of the Brooklyn Athletic Association, did so very much against the wishes of the other members of the Association. Ill health compelled him to take this step.

STOLEN RHYMES.

The Tricyle Girl.

Light as the foam on the crest of the billow,
Hurrying over the street,
Signs her hair blown as little as the willow,
So dainty and neat.

Many an eye the fair vision will follow,
Heads from the watching will reel
As she floats on her way with the grace of a swan,
The girl on the wheel.

—Washington Capital.

Old Joe's Retrospect.

I'm old, an' poor, an' bent up,
Wid' a rheumatiz in my back,
An' all my young days flown away,
Like a bird loose from its cage.

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An' all my young days flown away,
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LITTLE CHARMERS.

Additional Candidates for "The Evening World's" Beauty Prize.

One Cunning Toddler Has Six Little Toes on His Left Foot.

A Mother Who Will Be Satisfied with Nothing but First Prize.

Many anxious mothers are daily writing to THE EVENING WORLD and asking why the pictures of their babies are not printed. It would be an impossibility to print all as fast as they are received, and these mamma's will have to be a little patient.



EMO D. GAUDENZ.

Emo de Gaudenzi is the first cherub to pose as a candidate to-day, and his mamma writes as follows:

Enclosed, please find the picture of my baby, EMO D. GAUDENZI. His father is A. de Gaudenzi, aged thirty-two, and a clerk, and his mother is Mrs. CLAUDE GAUDENZI, aged twenty-two, and a book-keeper, born July 18th, 1881. His mother's maiden name was Violet Pick, born Dec. 11, 1881. Both are English. Mr. de Gaudenzi is of 24 Stuyvesant street, will vouch for me. Yours respectfully,
Mrs. CLAUDE GAUDENZI,
12 King Street, New York City.



GLADYS F. GILL.

Mrs. Violet Gill, of 52 Charles street, West Hoboken, writes:

This little girl is Gladys Flora Gill, born Nov. 5, 1888, and her picture was taken when six months old. Her father's name is William Ernest Gill, a book-keeper, born July 18th, 1881. Her mother's maiden name was Violet Pick, born Dec. 11, 1881. Both are English. Mr. de Gaudenzi is of 24 Stuyvesant street, will vouch for me. Yours respectfully,
Mrs. CLAUDE GAUDENZI,
12 King Street, New York City.



ELEONORA AND WILLIE GANTZER.

The cunning little twins, whose picture appears to-day, were the first twins to enter the contest. Their father writes:

Enclosed please find the photograph of our two little babies, Eleonora and Willie, born Dec. 10, 1888. Their father is John J. Gantzer, a clerk, born April 12, 1864, and the mother is S. Jane Gantzer, born March 24, 1859. Our residence is 21 Horman street, Brooklyn. Mr. de Gaudenzi is of 24 Stuyvesant street, will vouch for me. Yours truly,
JOHN J. GANTZER.



JAMES BROWN.

Cunning little James Brown's picture shows that he has six little toes on his left foot, but that doesn't seem to bother the youngster a bit. His mother writes:

I send you the picture of my baby, James Brown. He was born Aug. 10, 1888. His father's name is Joseph Brown, a tinsmith, and twenty-nine. His mother's name is Mary Dugan, aged twenty-nine. Both are American born. Voucher, Daniel J. Brown, 338 East One Hundred and Fifth street.



RADICALLY WRONG.

Painter—I assure you, my dear sir, the portrait of your wife will turn out a speaking likeness.

Customer—Speaking? Can't that be altered?

Nervous People

Who take Hood's Sarsaparilla earnestly declare: "It gives us complete and permanent control of our nerves."

By regulating the digestion it also overcomes dyspepsia and disagreeable features in the stomach, cures indigestion and heartburn. By its action on the blood impurities are expelled and the whole body is benefited. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Dunn, a plumber, born in New York, aged thirty-eight years.
Dr. Van Fleet will vouch for this. Yours truly,
Mrs. J. Dunn,
112 East Eighty-third street, New York City.



HARRIET LAWRENCE HOPKINS.

Still another proud mamma writes:

I wish to place my darling among the contestants. She is our only baby. Her name is Harriet Lawrence Hopkins. She is born at No. 117 East One Hundred and Fourth street, July 15, 1889. Her father's name is Charles Fremont Hopkins, a metal worker, born at Oneonta, N. Y., Oct. 11, 1856. Her mother's name was Kate Irving McLean, born at Detroit, Mich., Oct. 10, 1845.
Baby has light hair, blue eyes and a very clear complexion. Like all mothers, I hope she will stand somewhere among your prize-winners. We refer you to our family doctor, M. Brickmann, corner Ninety-fourth street and Lexington Avenue, New York.

Mrs. CHARLES F. HOPKINS,
No. 117 East One Hundred and Fourth street, Harlem.



ETTA HAUSER.

Little Etta Hauser was born July 9, 1888, in this city. She lives at 105 West Eighty-second street, this city, with her father, Charles F. Hauser, a carpenter, aged twenty-three, and her mother, Henrietta Acker, born Sept. 27, 1861, in Germany. Etta's voucher is Dr. C. E. Young.

Little Marie Gates is an earnest competitor for the first prize, and her mother writes:

In accordance with the terms contained in THE EVENING WORLD of the 14th inst., I herewith enclose the photograph of my daughter, Marie Gates, born June 21, 1888, now aged fifteen months, as a competitor for the double eagle prize for "Pretty Babies."



MARIE GATES.

Believing her to be the sweetest and cutest little baby in the world, we therefore have no doubt of winning the prize, indeed, we want to see the original you would not hesitate a moment in your decision, but would at once accept the double eagle.

Marie's father is Richard Keogh, of Fort Hamilton.

Vandalism.

From Interview with Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix in The Daily Times.

The selection of the finest and most beautiful portion of Central Park as a site for the World's Fair is the first step in an act of vandalism which, if permitted to be consummated, cannot fail to result in irreparable damage to the city of New York and the detriment of its people. There is a disposition on the part of companies, corporations and real estate speculators to destroy all the parks in the city. St. John's Park, which contained a unique collection of American forest trees, beyond doubt the most complete in the country, was destroyed to make way for the freight depot of the Hudson River Railroad. We see the outcome of this destructive tendency in the Battery Park, and it is even proposed to close completely the City Hall Park, a large part of which has already been disposed of to the United States Government.

Killed by Worry and Regret.

Truck-driver Victor Ryberg, of 347 West Sixteenth street, is today a corpse. His team became unmanageable at the Hoboken ferry-house and knuckled down and fatally injured Charles Witzmann, of Franklin st., Jersey City Heights. Ryberg was locked up in the County Jail in Jersey City, and yesterday when told that Witzmann would die, he dropped dead. He had heart disease.

Crawls Free of Murder.

James Crowe, who has been in the Tombs since Jan. 1 on a charge of stabbing his cousin, was discharged by Judge Goldersleeve to-day on motion of the District Attorney.

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Stern Bros.

direct attention to the Fall importations of their

CELEBRATED

Alexandre and Lupin's

KID AND SUEDE

GLOVES,

in all lengths and latest colors. The qualities of both have been greatly improved, and they are now without exception the best Gloves imported.

SPECIAL SALE

of

300 dozen

Ladies' 4-Button Finest Quality

FRENCH

KID GLOVES,

embroidered, in all sizes and the newest shades, at

75 CTS. PAIR.

THE GREATEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED.

32 to 36 West 23d St.

IT MAY KILL BLAINE.

THE GREAT SENSATION A "BLOCKS OF FIVE" PUZZLE IS CREATING.

James G. Blaine is quaking in his boots. At least so some people